

Good Morning s123

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk

By Derek Heberton



HOME again after nearly five years in a German prison camp is Leading Stoker William Kidd, of 12, Cobden-street, Mill-Lane, Gosport. Our Portsmouth correspondent, E. J. T. Didymus, tells me that when he called there he found Stoker Kidd making friends with his daughter Patricia, aged 4½, who had not seen him before. And he declares that his wife had not changed a bit all the time he has been in captivity.

Stoker Kidd was serving in H.M.S. M. Shark when she was lost off Stavanger in July, 1940, but he was rescued with other members of the crew by German trawlers. He spent some time at working camps at Dorndorf and Sandbostel, and eventually found himself, in June, 1942, at the Marlag camp from which he marched out of captivity to Lubeck—and repatriation—in April.

On the whole, Stoker Kidd had little to complain of in regard to his treatment by the Germans, although the food was poor. "Take away the Red Cross parcels," he said, "and we would never have made it. I honestly believe that without their help many of us would not be alive at all."

At the Marlag camp, Stoker Kidd was the theatre tailor, and helped to make the costumes for a number of theatrical productions, including "H.M.S. Pinafore," out of old sheets! The scenery was painted on the brown paper wrappings of the Red Cross parcels.

Dances were arranged—all male partners, of course—and occasionally some of the improvised theatrical costumes were used for a fancy dress ball!

There was also a certain amount of organised sport, at the camp—football, cricket and baseball games.

In his letters from home, Leading Stoker Kidd from time to time received photographs of his wife and Patricia,

"and so," he said, "I was able to watch her grow, but I did not expect to find her such a big girl when I came home."

Patricia doesn't quite know what to make of her stranger Father yet—you can see how shy she is in the picture—but she hopes he is going to be home for a long time.

And that goes for Mrs. Kidd, too!



THOUSANDS of Londoners and visitors to the capital have visited the Naval Exhibition, at Rootes' Showrooms, during the past few weeks, and the majority of them have been showing interest in a midget U-Boat and submarine periscope.

In charge of the periscope display are S.P.O. Hyde and A.B. Woolley, both Londoners themselves, whom I met there the day the exhibition was opened by the Lord Mayor, Sir Frank Alexander.

Other celebrities present were the Mayor of Westminster, Councillor D. Wood, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, Lord Bruntisfield, and the Minister of War Transport, the Right Hon. Lord Leathers.

All paid tribute to the work of the Royal and Merchant Navies during the war years, and spoke with confidence of the part they are now playing in the Far East war.

When the speeches were over, the Naval personnel fell in for their rum issue. Following the issue of tots to the Navy men, the Press were invited to line up for their issue, and, needless to say, "Good Morning" was well to the fore. I must say it was pretty good.

Incidentally, I was very interested in Woolley's claim to have seen the longest period of service with one submarine during the war. His record of four years and eight months war service with Upright will take some beating. Or will it?

IT takes a Yorkshireman most of his life to know the county, for it's a kingdom in itself is what a Yorkshireman told D. N. K. BAGNALL, and sent him hurrying up to the Dale Country in the North-West to discover for himself the enchantment of the North Riding.

"Oh, yes. I know Yorkshire pretty well," I said. "Which Yorkshire?"

"What? Oh well, I suppose I've been to most parts, at one time or another. I know most of the big industrial cities, Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax, and so on—Doncaster, but not Barnsley. I spent a holiday touring along the coast from Hull to Whitby, taking in Robin Hood's Bay and Scarborough on the way. And I've been to Harrogate. Seen the moors, you know."

"Aye. And what did you think of Swaledale and Niddale, High Force and Hardraw, Yad Moss and Reeth, Muker and Mickle Fell?"

"Oh, you mean the Dale Country in the north-west. Well, to tell you the truth, I never seem to have got quite as far as that."

"And you say you know Yorkshire!" The Yorkshireman looked as contemptuous as a Yorkshireman can look. "Aye, you've seen something of its bones, but you haven't seen its soul. You'll not do that until you've climbed the Fells and been into the dales, and had your breakfast at Tan Hill, and—why, man! It takes a Yorkshireman most of his life to know the county—it's a kingdom in itself!"

I remember that conversation so vividly, not only because it sent me to the north-west of North Riding, but because it taught me that no one can ever know a county thoroughly.

You can know Rutland in a few days—tumbling from high rocks into a deep pool before it goes racing downwards to the green valley to add beauty to some dale village. Of these waterfalls, or "forces," as the Yorkshireman calls them, High Force is the greatest in England, as well as the loveliest. But Hardraw is magnificent, too.

There is a whole string of them on the ascent of Ingleborough—highest crag of all from whose summit is one of the grandest views in the country.

From Mickle Fell and Nine Standards Ridge, too, you have awe-inspiring views which will satisfy the most exacting climber. They can be terrible in mist or snow, but in spring or summer sunshine they are massive, but friendly, giants—unless you wander too far from the beaten track and get lost, as I did once.

As you stand on their summits looking out over that wide landscape, you have a sense of spaciousness almost unequalled. There is no prettiness in the view; no well-tended farm-

land in large-scale patchwork lies at your feet; no islands of companionable trees break into that great sea of mauve and blue.

You feel alone in a seemingly unending space of vast, rolling moors. You are a seaman standing on the bridge of a battleship—or, perhaps more truly, a lighthouse-keeper looking out over a petrified sea; though it is hardly that.

MOORS AND SEA.

The great moors, with the distant mountains swelling behind, are, you feel, as alive as the breakers of the Atlantic or the waves dashing against the cliffs at Robin Hood's Bay.

Which reminds me—the grandeur of the North Riding is found as surely on that stretch of sea-line from Saltburn to Scarborough, a countryside of dainty villages and hamlets overshadowed by those great heights towering into the sky in huge shapes.

You will discover things hardly less lovely do you go up Wensleydale, or Niddale, or Arkengarthdale. In whatever section of this county you walk (and you must walk—not motor—if you want to find the best), you will not be disappointed.

Up on the moors you will share with the grouse such air as seems to come from a special supply, so clean, so invigorating, so sweet it seems. An ancient stone bridge, maybe, will carry you across some mountain beck dancing gaily down the hillside to one of the North Riding rivers—the Swale or Ure, or Greta.

Crumbling stone walls that never seem quite to crumble away criss-cross before you and make you pause, from time to time, in your contemplation of the folding contours of the horizon.

You cross them by stone stiles that look as if they were placed there by the ancient Britons—and probably were.

Nestling in some dip of the land you come upon a mellow farmhouse with its weathered outbuildings (you did not see it a few moments ago when the whole countryside seemed uninhabited—yet there it is, a living thing in this vast loneliness).

If you feel active, and wander on, going steadily skywards, you gradually leave the heather and the grouse behind you and come to open hillsides covered with short grass, and higher still you face those rugged, wind-swept crags where only the mountaineer can trust himself to tread.

Sometimes you will be delighted with a cascade of water, superficially. Many counties you can, from frequent visits, claim to know in a general kind of way, some even intimately. But you will, time and again, come up against a pocket of countryside in them you have never seen before, or suddenly discover a living spirit you previously thought dead.

But Yorkshire stands alone as a county it is impossible to



Nestling at the foot of a high cliff is the picturesque fishing village of Staithes.

know in a lifetime. It is not only that it is so vast—for it contains some 6,000 square miles—but that it varies from district to district more, I think, than any other part of Britain. When you reach the dales you realise that though to first acquaintance they seem much the same, they do, indeed, differ from valley to valley.

THE LONELIEST INN.

I have long since remedied my shortcomings in that Yorkshireman's eyes. I have climbed Mickle Fell and seen High Force and Reeth and Swaledale. I have not breakfasted at Tan Hill, that highest and loneliest inn in England—1,700 feet up and four miles from anywhere.

I can never hope to achieve that feat, and I doubt whether my Yorkshire friend meant it seriously. And I know, now, that I shall never "know" Yorkshire. For I want to go to other places, too.

Richmond is the capital of that north-west territory of moorlands and mountains. It is a noble town, combining memories and visible remains of its fortress' past, with its long-existent status of a pleasant market town.

Perched above the river, it commands the valley of the Swale—one of the most beautiful of all those delightful dales of the North Riding.

There is no finer progress than that route from Richmond to Reeth and Muker—charming towns, both; may they so remain—through where the moors and the sea meet, as it is in the high places of the north-west.

That terrible cliff at Boulby, near Staithes, is, I believe, the highest in the country, and by Staithes itself, all the way to Whitby, the sheer cliffs rising against the sea, indented at times with stone-built fishing villages, are as fine a sight as any part of Britain's coastline.

Whitby is sheer joy, with its little streets and alley-ways, and its picturesque houses going down, their roofs like steps, to the sea.

The smugglers of Robin Hood's Bay knew what they were about when they made that cliff-place their headquarters. It is not hard to imagine the difficulties the preventive men had in coming to them.

Robin Hood's Bay is now a well-known holiday place, but there are villages and small hamlets on this coast where you can satisfy any craving for solitude and beauty you may have. It is only when you come to that great headland at Flamborough that you lose the cliffs, now white with chalk.

AND CHEESE.

I have not mentioned many features which add to the merit of the North Riding. It is full of enchantment, as it is crammed with history. You have only to remember how many ruined abbeys and castles there are from the coast to the Westmorland and Durham borders, as well as yet-living but ancient piles.

And, of course, North Riding has Middlesbrough, with its blast-furnaces, foundries, engineering works and shipyards—the only industrial part of its domains.

And it has Wensleydale cheese—a noble thing.



A.B. Woolley draws his tot of rum at the Naval Exhibition at Rootes' Showrooms.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Who's Got a Good Hand?

asks Dan Quare

"THE Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts And wins (O shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts." SO wrote Alexander Pope, in 1712, in his "Rape of the Lock." But there was nothing new about playing cards. Many people will tell you that playing cards were brought back to Britain first by the Crusaders in the year 1291!

When you get a "nap" hand, you are in fact dabbling in one of the oldest links of present-day playing cards with the distant past.

The word comes from *naipes*, which is the Spanish name for playing cards. It is not found in Portuguese or any other Continental language, and comes straight from the Hebrew and ancient Arabic words "nabi" and "naba," which convey with them the idea of a prophecy.

But even without this ancient Arabic link, our modern pack has a continuous history of over 600 years, which should be long enough to satisfy most people!

THE DEVIL.

The earliest known cards in Europe were Italian, afterwards known as Tarocchi or "tarots." The pack consisted sometimes of 62 cards, sometimes 78 and in some games even 98.

The original pack seems to have been 78, manufactured in Lombardy, and known now as the Venetian pack.

There were four suits, each with four picture cards, King, Queen, Knight and "Valet," with ten numerical cards in each suit making a total of 56.

There were 21 "atouts" (trump cards) (attutti in Italian), numbered from 1 to 21, and an unnumbered extra card called "The Fool." The "atouts" had colourful names, such as The Devil, The Pope, Judgment, The Hanging man, The Hermit, The Lover, and so on.

These early packs, richly illuminated and painted by hand, must have been very costly productions.

Even by the year 1400 there were three types of four-suit packs common in Europe, Italy

and Spain having what is probably the original design, followed by variations in France and Germany. They weren't all "hearts and diamonds," but had most curious names.

Spanish and Italian cards were in suits of Cups (equal to our "Hearts"), Swords ("spades"), Money ("diamonds") and Batons or Clubs. German cards had Hearts, Acorns (probably equivalent to "spades"), Bells ("diamonds") and "Leaves" (very probably the equivalent of Clubs).

French cards were rather more complicated, and came in the four suits of Coeur (hearts), Pique (a pike—equal to modern spades), Carreau (a paving tile, equal to diamonds) and Trefle, a trefoil or clover-leaf, the equivalent of Clubs.

These cards were popular for over 200 years before they came to England.

It was not until the beginning of the year 1526 that gambling games, including the use of playing cards, were so common in England that an attempt was made by Henry VIII to stamp them out.

There was a Royal Proclamation issued in 1526 against "all unlawful games, according to the statutes made in this behalf, and Commissions awarded into every shire for the execution of the same, so that in all Places Tables, Dice, Cards, and Bowles should be taken and burned."

Card-playing was a favourite pastime with all classes in England, even in remote country parishes, during Elizabeth's reign, and the old Archdeacon's records are full of references to cases of card-playing on Sunday in practically all parts of England.

For instance, in 1575 at Stansted, Essex, then a small village, two farmers' men named John Reynolds and Thomas Castelow, were presented at the Archdeanery Court "for playing cards and Dice in the house at Service-time."

It was ordered that each of them should work "two days on the highways more than the statute doth appoint."

Philip Stubbes, Puritan pamphleteer, complained in 1583 of "carding on the Sabbath day."

Despite all this prejudice, our own Kings, Queens, Knives and Jacks are at least as old as the year 1500, but we have no coloured specimen of any English Court card earlier than about 1750, which is almost incredible; but we know that in the year 1628 the "London Company of Makers of Playing Cards" was established on October 22, 1628, and Charles I issued a long Charter prohibiting the import of French cards.

OFFICIAL TYPES. For many years the Company was very active, ensuring that its members printed only official types of cards, and issued them with official marks and stamps (which in this generation are a great aid in checking authenticity), and in 1792 the Company obtained its Livery—which meant that all its members could obtain the Freedom of the City of London.

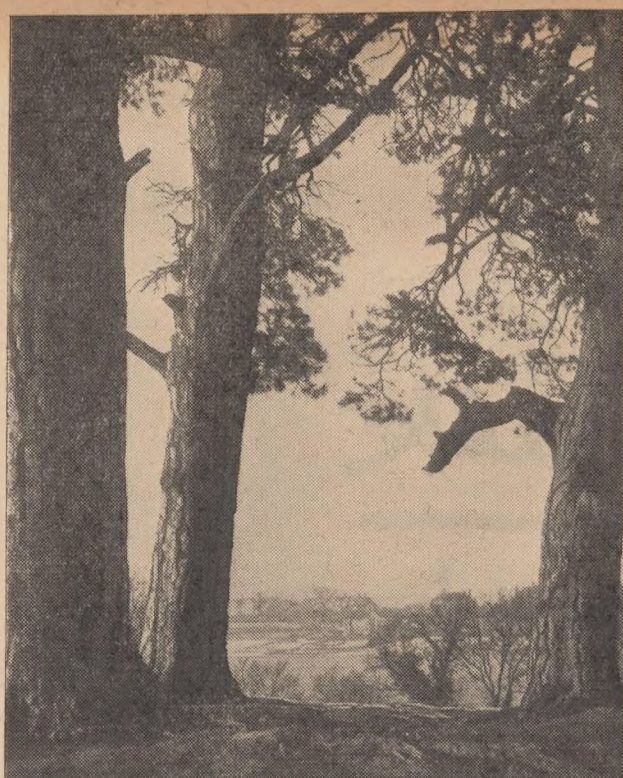
Many of the present-day cards have real-life histories. Of all the Card-board Court, the Knave of Hearts is the most interesting personage. He is called "La Hire"—a redoubtable French warrior who died in 1443. He was a typical Gascon, hot blooded, vain, brutal but valiant.

His name was a nickname even in England, and Shakespeare in Henry IV part 2, Act ii, Sc. 4, has a passage which has always mystified the commentators: "Have we not Hiren here? This is twice repeated by the swash-buckling Pistol, when the Hostess has been declaring that above all things she cannot bear swaggers."

Most people now believe that Shakespeare was using "Hiren" for the old French "La Hire."

La Hire's story is somewhat a parallel with that of Robin Hood, and in Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan," La Hire is a prominent character.

If you want to know what he looked like, as seen by contemporary cartoonists, pick up any modern pack of cards, and find the Knave of Hearts.



Scotch firs mark the way the Pilgrims trod.

Road Goes Up

Continuing "On the Pilgrim's Way"

BRUSHING the crumbs from their beards and seizing once again the stout staffs they had cut at the start of the journey, the pilgrims leave the hospitable town of Dorking and take the road to Burford Bridge.

They are in no mood, thus early in the day, to loiter by the banks of that sluggish river, the Mole, that winds dreamily all over the place, and at Betchworth, a few miles along the valley, actually goes to bed, underground, for two miles.

It is a busy spot, here where the two great Roman roads join—Stane Street and Ermin Street. They may meet pack mules carrying newly fashioned cloths from London into Dorking, or a fat miller riding his mule, or maybe a nobleman with his retinue of servants.

To-day, the road is still busy.

We have to keep to the road verge to avoid passing cars and lorries, and it is pleasant, at last, to turn away from the road and climb the slope of Box Hill. It is tough going, but once we reach the summit we shall have before us an easy and only gradually rising track for some way.

We are on the chalk hills, and we shall remain there until we reach Reigate.

Step out lively, comrade, and thank Heaven you have modern footwear and not the less serviceable leather the old pilgrims used.

Box Hill is probably better known to Londoners than any other height in the South—as will be obvious should you be so unlucky as to come to it on a Bank Holiday. But to-day the green sward is green—not littered with paper—and we can stand there, looking out to the South over that great stretch of grand countryside, unhampered by picnic parties, with the belt of trees at our backs and the sun shining on our faces.

We can enjoy the view while we walk along the short turf. Did I say the way was easy?

I had forgotten Brockham Warren. This wood stands directly across our path.

We must plunge into it, losing for a short time the open view and the perfect walking. Below us, in the valley, lies that very delightful village of Brockham, where old houses, a pleasing church and a couple of good old country inns group themselves round the village green, famous for its cricket.

But not even the chance of once again visiting that pleasant place will entice us down from the hills, now we have

gained their summit. A little beyond the Warren the Way comes to an abrupt end. We are at the edge of a great pit men have made in digging chalk from the hillside. It is an ugly gash.

By careful treading we can make our way between the mounds of discarded chalk and come out again on the broad grass slope. But a bit further on we have to repeat this manoeuvre at the Betchworth limestone quarry.

Soon afterwards the line of the Way disappears. But if you stand here, where the track peters out, you can cast an eye along that row of trees running from corner to corner of a field of wheat and pick it up again where the land merges into the downland.

We cross Pebble Combe, with its main road dipping like the side of a house, and come again to the open chalk ridge where the footpath takes us along the fringe of Walton Heath and past Mangery Wood to Colley Hill.

WHERE LOVE SAT DOWN.

Here there is nothing for it but to pause, sitting on one of those wooden seats set there by the Reigate Corporation and carved with the initials of lovers and small boys. There is no finer view than this on the whole of the Way.

Close at hand, a wide combe sweeps down to a little wood at the foot of the hill, where a winding pathway climbs in and out between the trees—some of them yews.

Beyond, and a little to the right, a tractor crosses a field, looking like a sleepy beetle on a brown handkerchief.

A toy-like farm shows a dash of red against a background of trees. White dots, that are chickens, move about the farmyard.

Still further away to the right, the line of the hills marking the way we have come is broken by two headlands—Box Hill and Leith Hill. Below us, and in front, lies the town of Reigate, nestling in the lowlands—beyond it The Park, where the woodland has been mutilated in recent years.

Straight ahead, for all the miles between the North and the South Downs, lies the patchwork of meadows, woods, commons and land under crops, each distinguishable at first, but soon merging into the misty blueness that meets the darker blues of the Sussex Downs on the horizon.

It is said that, on a clear day, you can see the glint of the sea through a gap in those Downs.

This Hall Housed Kings and Beetles

WESTMINSTER HALL, the most impressive and by far the most ancient part of the Houses of Parliament, has undergone another of the many changes it has seen during its 850 years of existence—breeze-block huts to serve as offices while the new House of Commons is being built, have been erected on its floor.

There is room enough for them: the Hall is nearly 300 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 110 feet high.

Originally built by King Rufus (the monarch who received an arrow in a vital spot while hunting in the New Forest) between 1097 and 1099, Westminster Hall was rebuilt by Richard the Second just three hundred years later.

Since then it has been used for law courts, theatrical shows, State feasts, marriage banquets, lyings-in-state, the feeding of the poor, court assemblies and important trials.

The most famous of the last was the trial of King Charles the First, who, as you may have heard, was found guilty and had his head cut off just up the road, in Whitehall.

At one time shops and market stalls lined the Hall, and it became a busy shopping centre. The law courts, for centuries standing at the side of Westminster Hall, were demolished in 1883 when the present Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand were completed.

In recent years the Hall served as a magnificent vestibule to the House of Commons. It was often thronged with constituents passing in and out of the outer lobby, where they met their Members of Parliament, and by officials with business at the House.

It has a very fine hammer-beam roof of carved timber—probably the most notable in existence.

This was in great danger of being destroyed by the death-watch beetle, and between 1914 and 1923 it was largely restored and reinforced with steel.

Fortunately it was little damaged by the bomb which destroyed the House of Commons, and will once again return to its function as an impressive entrance hall when the new House is finished.

I have never been able to persuade myself that I have done so, though handsome liars in my company have described how clearly they have seen it.

Having rested awhile on this height, the old pilgrims took the downward path into Reigate, to eat, drink and sleep. The various white tracks that go down from Colley Hill prove that. From the valley they look like streams of milk from an overturned jug.

They came into the town along Slipshoe Street, its name an echo of their times, and, stepping aside to pay their vows at the Shrine of St. Thomas, went on to seek one of the old hostels once so numerous in the town.

IN HALF-WAY TOWN. None of these ancient inns where the pilgrims washed the chalk from their throats now remains.

It may be that the pilgrims made a special occasion of their arrival at Reigate. They were now almost exactly half-way along the Way. They had possibly undergone a good deal of unpleasantness from the weather.

Many of them would have discovered that blisters are uncongenial travel companions; some may even have encountered and overcome dangers on the road.

At any rate, all would be thankful to have come to the half-way mark, and would make new resolutions, and vows, for the road ahead, see to the repair of footwear and garments, and generally prepare themselves for the rest of the Way to Canterbury.

OUR OWN GROWING

By Peter Davis

MEET Mr. R. G. Jarvis, cucumber grower, of Costessey, near Warwick. Walk into his cucumber house and look at his show-pieces.

It looks like the biggest aspidistra in the world till you see the yellowing fingers among the sprouting leaves—and then you get a pleasant shock.

They're Bananas, best Canary species. Mr. Jarvis grew his tree from a tiny shoot in less than six months—and he is getting a crop of 200 bananas a year.

That's just one of the astonishing new items lining up in the back gardens of Britain. In an unheated greenhouse in Suffolk, Mr. Guy Cooper has grown a lemon tree 6ft. tall and bearing 18 full-sized lemons.

In a cottage garden in Essex, Mr. R. M. Mortimer is exceptionally proud of a tree with leaves that exude milk.

Kneaded in the palm of the hand, the milky substance becomes elastic. The plant is yielding rubber!

There's a slight boom, too, in back-garden tobacco. It's illicit to have more than a rod, pole or perch—about 70 plants—under cultivation; but small and satisfactory crops have been grown in places as diverse as Cornwall and Durham.

One Hampshire farm with an Excise licence sold a recent crop for £4,000, and British "baccy" is being marketed



under the trade name "Elizabethan."

It is a reminder that until 1621 we grew most of our tobacco at home.

DE COTTON FIELDS.

Surrey cotton is being produced in the garden of two sisters near Cranleigh—and though the crop isn't commercial, you never can tell.

Three years ago Indian corn was grown as a novelty by a few farmers at the foot of the South Downs.

To-day it is catalogued by nearly every seedsman!

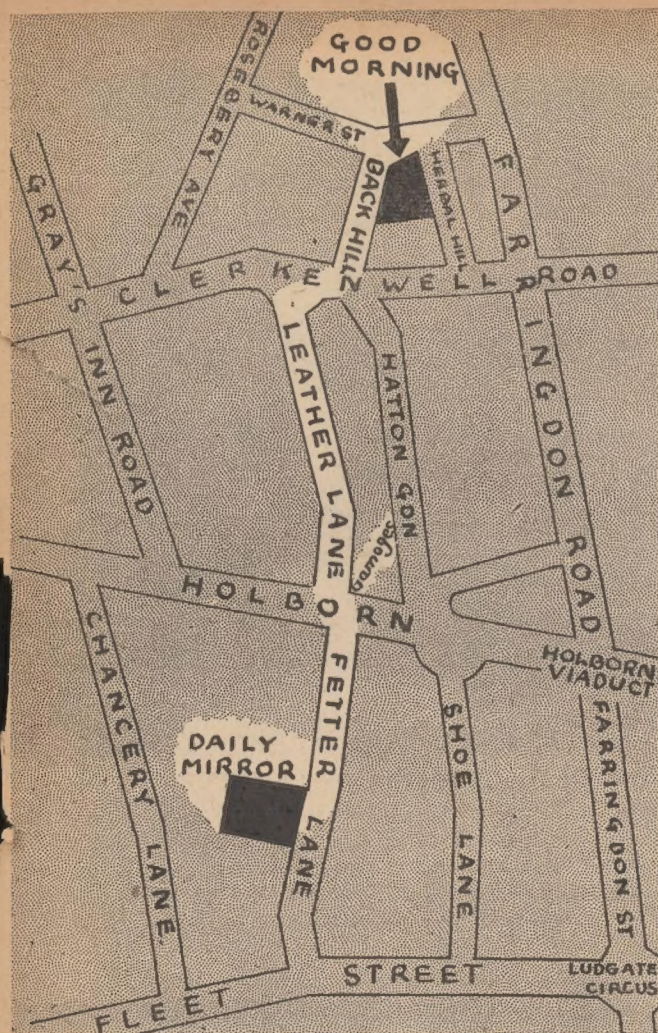
Weymouth taxpayers have profited by £400 a year by the discovery that reeds grown in a local park are a good substitute for esparto, used in paper-making.

Bamboo canes used to be imported from the Far East; now they are home-grown in Cornwall.

Digoxin, an essential medicinal product for the treatment of heart complaints, formerly had to come from Hungary or British Columbia.

To-day it is being produced from foxgloves grown in Sussex and Kent.

The trade in medicinal herbs has grown so lively that dandelion roots fetch 1s. a pound, and red clover heads—used on every farm—fetch 25p. cwt. Britain's new garden industries are opening out, and their present prosperity is a clue to their new post-war possibilities.



Here's the doings. Here's the map that shows you the bumpy, bumpy road that "Good Morning" has travelled from the aristocratic quarter of Fetter Lane to the purlieus of Back Hill. All you have to do — like the young Bowery bucks in the Belle of New York — is to follow the light. It should take seven minutes flat!

Good Morning gets a move on—



Bewildered submariners — Stoker "Rivet" Hall, A.B. H. C. Peters and A.B. Stanley Watts — learn from doorman "Nick" Carter, at the old address, that the "Good Morning" bad boys have moved to Back Hill. With the fortitude for which the Navy is noted, the intrepid trio decide to follow the trail.



What's all this! Hi, sailors, Nick Carter said nothing about the public bar of "The King"! Seems youse guys have lost your way and found your thirst! Well, well, a "quick one" on the way is not such a bad idea, at that.



The submariners get under weigh again. Here you see them on the pavement in front of Gamages — at the corner of Leather Lane. Having forgotten everything Nick Carter told them, they stop a passing girl and ask her the way, all over again. She (the sweet thing) is only too happy to re-direct them. In fact, she was sorry she couldn't accompany them in person.



Tacking up Leather Lane in the face of a stiff head wind, our three submariners make excellent progress towards Back Hill. Resisting the temptation of several swinging doors and the captivating scent of hops, they push "right on to the end of the lane."

STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe —

THREE hundred years of a stamp or stamps as being in free Press in Sweden are commemorated by two special stamps issued in May last in denominations of 50 ore green, and 60 ore claret. The design shows a quill pen crossed by a torch. Both stamps exist perfect, by imperfection, and also, imperfect, on one side only, from booklets.

The Swedish newspaper Post-och Inrikes Tidningar has been published continuously



the 1645, and claims to be world's oldest newspaper.

The old question, "What is a mint stamp?" is raised specially in the Shell Magazine from which I quote the following observations.

This question very often comes up in conversation between stamp collectors. By a generally-accepted, though rather loose definition, a stamp is to be in "mint" condition if it has not been used for any purpose, has therefore not been postmarked, and retained the gum on its reverse side.

Now, we also very often hear stamp collectors, as well as others, describe a particular

stamp as being in a "perfect mint condition." What is a "perfect mint condition"? The answer, not to this question, but to the question "What is not a perfect mint condition?" can be found in a chart which the American Philatelic Society has recently published.

Under the heading of Unused Stamps, the following five definitions are set out. (i) Mint, with gum as issued or without gum, if so issued; (ii) the same stamp, but slightly hinged, i.e., with a slight trace of having been previously mounted by



means of an adhesive stamp hinge; (iii) the same stamp, but heavily hinged; (iv) an O.G. (Off Gum) stamp, where gum is missing in spots; (v) a stamp with cracked gum.

THE stamps reproduced here are two Russians: one honouring Nuradilov, a "Hero of the Great Patriotic War," and the second commemorating the 150th anniversary of the birth of A. G. Gryboyedov, famous Russian writer.



The one member of the party who can still read, spots the name "Back Hill" posted up on the street corner. Delighted, he proceeds to spell out the letters to his sceptical comrades. They are lost in amazement at his skill.



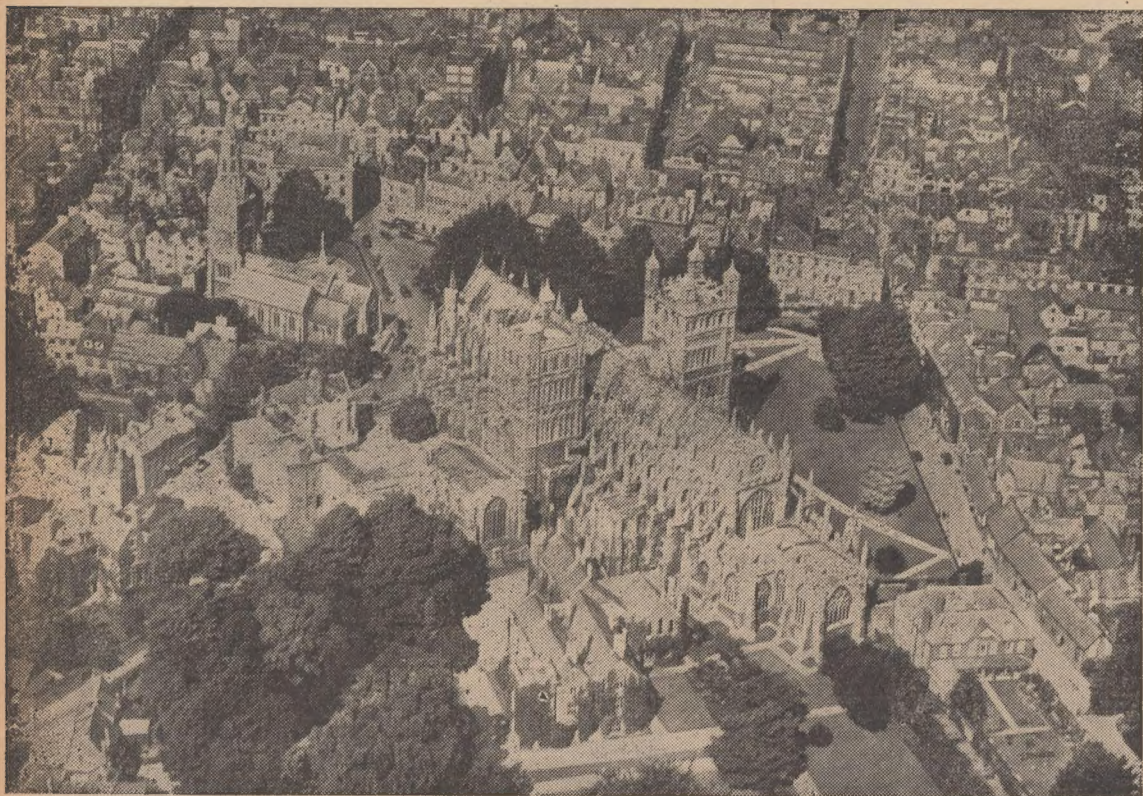
A serious diversion occurs when our three seafaring friends come abreast of a certain second-floor window. Having passed the time of day with the three charmers, they continued their voyage of discovery to the "Good Morning" offices.



Home port at last! And the reception committee turned out in force to greet the weary travellers — the first three members of the Submarine Service to make the perilous voyage from Fetter Lane to Back Hill. How long did it take them? Two hours, twenty-three minutes — flat!

Good
Morning

EXETER



The chief pride of Exeter—the comparatively small but magnificent cathedral—is here viewed from the air. A complete restoration of Exeter cathedral was undertaken by Sir Gilbert Scott towards the end of last century. In its library is a collection of MS. poems in Anglo-Saxon, presented by Bishop Leofric in the eleventh century.



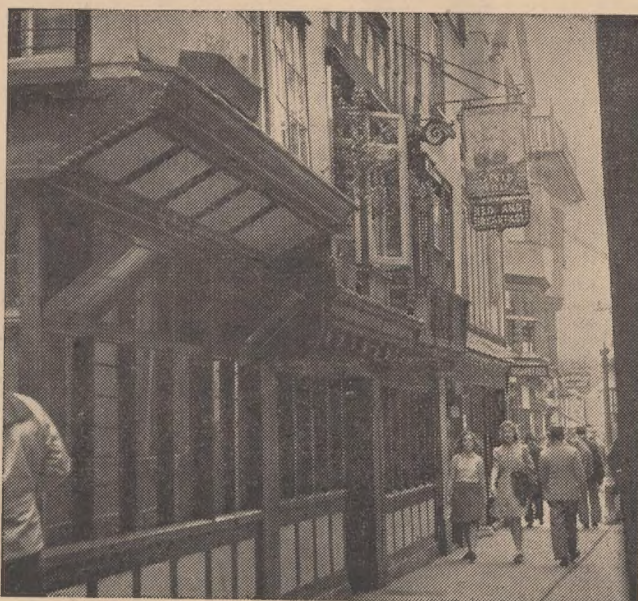
HITLER REVEALS NEW BEAUTIES.

When the ruins of buildings blasted by Nazi bombs were cleared in Exeter, it became possible for the first time in centuries to obtain unexpected views of the noble cathedral. Here is a view from a ruined archway in the High Street.

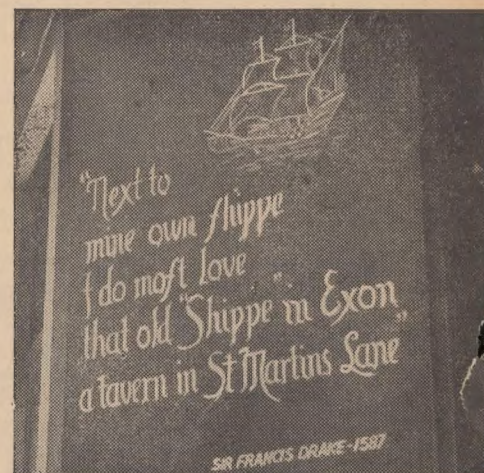


AN OLD CORNER OF EXETER.

In the shadow of the cathedral—just off the cathedral close—huddles this group of old-world shops. Exeter is a great centre for artists, who delight in painting the lovely surrounding country—hence this shop, which sells paints, easels and canvases.



This is Exeter's famous "Ship Inn." Legend is that Sir Francis Drake loved to sit in the cool cellars quaffing something cool—when he wasn't playing bowls or beating the Spanish Armada.



And here's what the old sea-dog wrote about the Ship Inn. The inscribed plaque is to be found hanging in one of the bars.



In the centre of the High Street is the ancient Guildhall—a fine example of Elizabethan architecture—you can see it in this picture. Formerly the centre of an active woollen industry, Exeter is now mainly an agricultural centre. But—we are pleased to report—brewing is still a major industry!